

**"PREPARE FOR A RAINY DAY."** DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' Umbrellas are all made on FOX'S Celebrated **ELASTIC FRAMES**. They are unequalled for *Quality, Durability, and Price.*—7, Swan St., New Cross, Manchester.

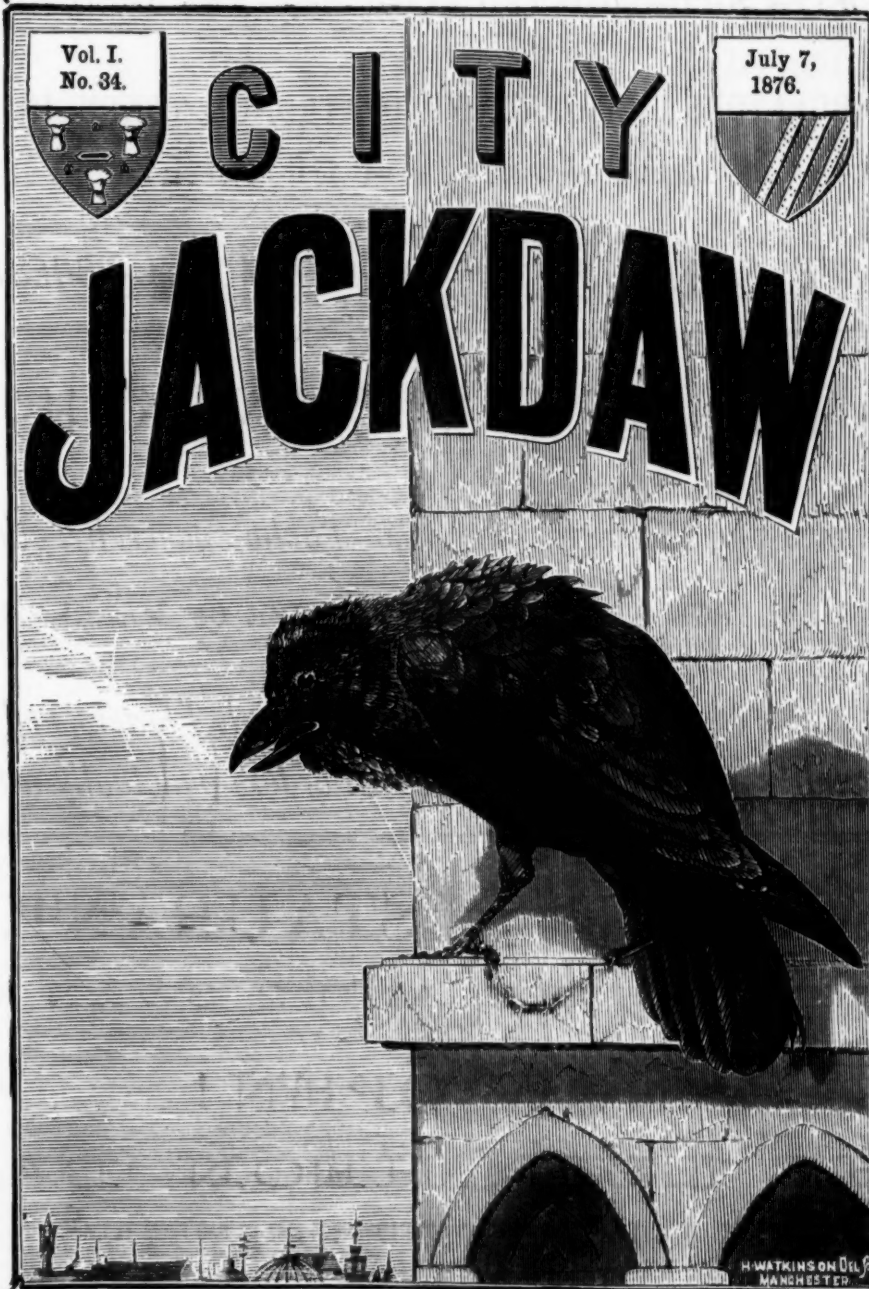
# LAMB'S CHOPHOUSE AND RESTAURANT, 9, COOPER STREET,

*At its junction with Bond Street and Princess Street.*

CHOPS AND STEAKS FROM THE GRIDIRON IN THE LONDON STYLE. SOUPS, FISH, JOINTS, ENTREES, &c.

Spacious Smoke-room. Wines, Spirits, Cigars. TEAS provided from 4 to 8 p.m.

"TURKISH TOBACCO," Delicious Flavour and Aroma, 18s. and 21s. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.  
"RIO SELLA," Eight for Half-a-Crown.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.  
"PICKED LEAF BIRD'S EYE," 5d. per oz., 6s. 6d. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.



"TURKISH TOBACCO," Delicious Flavour and Aroma, 18s. and 21s. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.  
"RIO SELLA," Eight for Half-a-Crown.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.  
"PICKED LEAF BIRD'S EYE," 5d. per oz., 6s. 6d. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.

ESTABLISHED  
116 YEARS.

## KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.

CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.

Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

701  
DEANSGATE.

## THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL HORSE, HOUND, AND FOX-TERRIER SHOW.

£1600 IN PRIZES.

MANCHESTER RACECOURSE, AUGUST 4th, 5th, 7th, and 8th, 1876.

Stallions, £150; Hacks and Roadsters, £105; Ponies, £150; Jumping, £200; Hunters, £350; Harness Horses, £150; Trotting, £100; Racing, Tilting, and Walking, £300; Fox-Terriers, and Fox-Terriers, £200.—N.B. Harness, Saddle, and Draught Horses and Ponies may be entered in the Sale Classes, either for Public Auction or Private Sale. ENTRIES CLOSE JULY 14.

M. H. CHADWICK, Secretary, 4, St. Mary's Street, Manchester.

Publishing Office, Market Street Chambers, 73a, Market Street.]

[Price One Penny.]

# PERAMBULATOR MANUFACTURER.

*PERAMBULATORS, Strong and Durable—Single, 18s. 6d.; Double, 22s. 6d.  
WITH BRASS JOINTED HOOD—Single, 30s.; Double, 35s.*

OLD PERAMBULATORS REPAIRED, RENOVATED, OR TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.  
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

GEORGE SMITH, 159, ROCHDALE ROAD, MANCHESTER.

## ROBERT JENNINGS

(Late of Victoria Market, and Grove Inn, Shudehill),

*Begs to inform his Friends, and the Public generally, that he has*

**OPENED A LARGE STALL AT THE CORNER OF MARKET PLACE,**

OPPOSITE THE EXCHANGE,

*Where he is prepared to supply the Public with Fruit, Flowers, and Vegetables,  
of the best quality at reasonable prices. All orders punctually attended to.*

## ARCADE RESTAURANT,

65, MARKET STREET, AND 2, SWAN COURT.

**NOW OPEN!**

**THE LUNCHEON BAR,**

WHERE SANDWICHES, SOUPS, AND HOT AND COLD LUNCHEON MAY BE HAD FROM TEN A.M.

**THE MOST ELEGANTLY FITTED DINING ROOM IN THE CITY**

*Plate of Meat, Potatoes, Vegetables, and Bread, ad lib., 1s.; Sweets, 2d.; Cheese, 1d.*

Splendid SMOKE and COMMERCIAL ROOMS, with all the advantages of SPIRIT, WINE, BEER, &c., LICENSES.

# MANCHESTER SKATING RINKS.

## ALEXANDRA PARK AND HIGHER BROUGHTON.

PLIMPTON'S PATENT ROLLER SKATES.

Open Daily - - - Admission One Shilling.

Alexandra Rink: Wednesday Afternoon, Admission 2s. 6d., Skates included.

Broughton Rink: Thursday Afternoon, Admission 2s. 6d., Skates included

BAND, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING AT ALEXANDRA RINK.  
BAND, THURSDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING AT BROUGHTON RINK.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM  
AT  
S. BURGESS'S, COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHER,  
105, OXFORD STREET.  
HOUSES COMPLETELY FURNISHED FROM £10 TO £60.

THE  
ROYAL EXCHANGE  
TAILORING CO. LIMITED,  
ST. ANN'S SQUARE.

C. BANOROFF, from London, MANAGER.

CHEVIOT SUITS FROM £3. 3s.

THE MODEL TROUSERS 16s AND 21s.

BEETLES, BEETLES, BEETLES, AND CRICKETS.

HARDEMAN'S

Celebrated London Beetle Powder  
(REGISTERED),

Warranted to Clear Houses of the above in two or three nights.

SOLE MANUFACTURER:

John Hardeman, Chemist, 43, Bury New Road,  
MANCHESTER.

Packets, 3d., 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

MESSRS. BRUCE, Next of Kin and  
Foreign Law Agency Offices,  
4, WELLINGTON ST. STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

UNCLAIMED PROPERTY: It is not generally known but there are many millions sterling lying unclaimed both in Great Britain, America, India, and the British Colonies, left by persons dying either abroad, intestate, or without any known direct legal issue. Wills and all matters of record searched for and official copies obtained, also registers of births, marriages, and deaths; pedigrees compiled and all requisite evidence for substantiating the same procured; through law agency business, such as procuring copies of legal documents and making investigations respecting missing relatives in all parts of the world undertaken; procure our Lists of Names; post free, 18 stamps.

NOTE.—Messrs. B. may be consulted daily upon all matters requiring confidence combined with experience. Private arrangements with creditors effected, avoiding bankruptcy, liability, or suspension of business. Consultations free.

HANDS' CELEBRATED REMEDIES.

HANDS' ROYAL BLOOD  
MEDICINE.

For the cure of ulcerated legs, ulcerated sores on the neck, old wounds, pimples, scurvy, blotches, postules, itch, glandular swellings, tumours, cancerous ulcers, king's evil, piles, ulcerated lungs and liver, consumption, gout, rheumatic gout, lumbago, gravel, nervous debility, and general weakness from whatever cause arising.

Prepared only by WILLIAM HANDS, CHEMIST, CHELTENHAM, and sold in bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, by respectable chemists and medicine vendors in the United Kingdom. Two large bottles generally cure the worst cases.

N.B.—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA presented Mr. Hands with a splendid engraving of her own portrait on November 4th, 1875.

Mr. Hands sends two 4s. 6d. bottles carriage paid to any address for 9s., one bottle 5s. Letters with stamp answered.

T. STENSBY,  
GUN & PISTOL MAKER,  
11, HANGING DITCH.

ESTABLISHED 1810.

HATS. HATS. HATS.  
FOR STYLE AND ECONOMY,  
GO TO WHILES'S,  
248, ROCHDALE ROAD.

SHOE TRADE.

THRELFALL & CO.,

Boot, Shoe, Boot Upper, & Leather Merchants.

Manufacturers of the GUILDHALL BLACKING KID REVIVER, &c., &c.; Agents for JACQUARD'S FRENCH BLACKING, in this; and Sole Agents for BIRKETT'S CEMENT, for putting on invisible patches.

15, FENNEL STREET, MANCHESTER.

GUINEA GOLD WEDDING RINGS.

C. HUGHES,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

79, OLDHAM STREET,

MANCHESTER.

BILLIARDS.

JOHN O'BRIEN,

The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites INSPECTION OF HIS STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IMPROVED FAST CUSHION, that will never become hard. Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King St.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT

Mutual Assurance Company Limited.  
THE ONLY MUTUAL ACCIDENT COMPANY.

Reserve Fund and Guarantee, £14,700.

£1000

If Killed, with liberal allowances if injured, for a SINGLE PAYMENT of £3 COVERING the WHOLE LIFE. Smaller amounts in proportion.

42, POULTRY, LONDON.

W. BURN, F.R.S., Managing Director.

Agent: H. SUTCLIFFE, 6, Brown Street.

THE BEST

ONE SHILLING DINNER

In Manchester, is to be had at the

WATERLOO DINING SALOON,

16a, PICCADILLY

(ENTRANCE CORNER OF GORE STREET),

Where comfort and prompt attention can be relied on. All articles offered will be of the best quality, and the Culinary Department under the management of a professional Chef.



# WILSON STREET CARRIAGE WORKS, STOCKPORT ROAD, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

**JOSEPH SHAW,**

Late Foreman to Messrs. Cockshott & Co., begs most respectfully to inform the public that he has taken the above Works, and intends to carry on the business of

**CARRIAGE BUILDER**

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Having been upwards of twenty years with Messrs. Cockshott & Co., most of which time he has had the Management of the Carriage Department, he feels confident that any orders entrusted to his care will give that satisfaction which will secure continued patronage.

ESTIMATES FOR REPAIRS, &c., GIVEN.

---

## CITY MOURNING ESTABLISHMENT, 43, OLDHAM STREET.

NEW STYLES IN COSTUMES IN GREAT VARIETY.

MILLINERY UNEQUALLED OUT OF LONDON.

BLACK SILKS UNDOUBTEDLY UNPRECEDENTED IN PRICE.

**JAMES LITTLE, Proprietor.**

---

## ASHWORTH & PENFOLD, GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHERS, HOUSEHOLD LINEN AND BLANKET WAREHOUSE.

*Sole Manufacturers of the Patent Diamond Spring Mattress and the Universal Spring-seated Invalid Couch.*

20, CANNON STREET, AND 39, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 34.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## A QUIET DAY AT BELLE VUE.

[BY PATERFAMILIAS.]

BEING a family man confessing an honest delight in the social life of my own fireside, and a special interest in the diversions of my rising family, it is my custom occasionally—as, for example, in celebration of birthdays and other *fêtes* occurring in the summer months—to take the entire household for an outing. Being, furthermore, a poor man, whose pleasure must be regulated by a strict regard for economy, I have sometimes been at a loss how to make both ends meet in spending these holidays, which I am thankful thicken and multiply at tolerably regular intervals. As the number of my olive branches increases it becomes more difficult to arrange the oft-recurring picnics and trips to Buxton, Matlock, or Southport. In these circumstances *Materfamilias* and I somewhat plume ourselves on the discovery of Belle Vue. Discovery of Belle Vue! We in imagination hear the reader echo the words in surprise. Why, the place is as well known as the Town Hall—aye, and better, since in Manchester there are many Town Halls—so we will amend the sentence, and say, as well known as the Town Clerk, for there is only one Town Clerk, and his name is Sir Joseph. Yes, everybody knows Belle Vue, and I own to having seen there as many pictures as old Mr. Danson has painted. He is diffident about stating the number, and I desire to follow his judicious example of silence on that head. But how few Manchester people know the place in its social daylight aspects! The Derbyshire or Staffordshire yokel and his sweetheart, who arrive on the ground early in the forenoon and have not exhausted its marvels or wearied of its diversified attractions when, the display of fireworks having crowned a happy day, they hurry off well pleased to the return excursion train in waiting for them at Longsight or the new station at Gorton, probably know its curiosities, its exhaustless forms of amusement, its nooks and corners better than nine-tenths of the townfolk who visit it perhaps half a dozen times a year. Staid go-to-meeting people like ourselves—frightened by the random objurgations of the Bishop and Mr. Hugh Mason, and others of the “unco guid,” whose candour (in a Sheridanian sense) sometimes exceeds their charity, and who are fond of denouncing as sour and unwholesome grapes which they have not tasted—generally eschew the place, and think it necessary, when they are stumbled over by an acquaintance seated in the covered gallery in flutter of pleased anticipation of the gunshot which signals the beginning of the pyrotechnic display, to make profuse explanations to the effect that it “is only once a year,” that they “have a friend from the country visiting them,” and that “it is a pity to miss the picture,” etc. Good, happy people! why should you be so much abashed? To me and a family of merry children, in whose jocund laughter there is no guile, these gardens are a wholesome, instructive, and entertaining resort. We leave, it is true, before night has fallen, because the youngsters’ bedtime has come, and we pride ourselves on keeping a regular household—what in Scotland are called elders’ hours—but I see no harm in holding out the prospect to my eldest boy and girl that in a year or two, if they are good, they will be allowed to remain with me “to see the fireworks.”

The way in which we spend the day is this. Setting out after an early dinner, and selecting, if possible, an off-day—that is a Tuesday, Thursday, or Friday, when the gardens are quietest—we reach the ground about three, heavily laden with satchels and various oddly-shaped packages containing our supply of sandwiches, cake, tea, and other mysteries, upon the preparation of which the good mother has spent the morning.

Directly we are inside the grounds there is a general burst from our care, and the boys, like hounds unleashed, are scampering off amongst the macaws, parrots, and cockatoos, pretending to renew old acquaintance. The picture has its share of admiration before we diverge to the right, where, if the steam velocipedes are going, the entire family are soon mounted, and whooping and hallooing as they chase each other round the mimic circus. If the “Little Britain” has got up steam we make one circuit of the lake, under license of the Board of Trade, before transshipping into one of those capacious, unupsettable, flat-bottomed boats or barges, which are let out to visitors by the hour. Having the lake practically to ourselves we steer a clear course, disturbing the wild fowl near the island, and flushing a brace of rather shame-faced lovers near the Gorton end, cooing together on one of those

“Seats beneath the shade,

For talking age and whispering lovers made,”

which the Messrs. Jennison have considerably placed in these retired nooks. But the greatest fun of all is when Uncle Tom and I with an oar each take to rowing against each other, and the heavy boat, instead of making any progress, begins to wheel round in rapid but eccentric gyrations, which very much puzzle some of the beholders on the bank. Cooling the enthusiasm of the youngsters with a few penny ices (though with the fear of the careful *Mater* before my eyes, I will not venture to specify how many one or more of the boys consume), we scamper across the Italian garden to the bear-pits, where sundry attempts to bribe the white bears into their pond, and the brown ones to the top of their ladder, are made amid great glee—the former successful, the latter an ignominious failure. It is the breathing time of day with Bruin, and his ambition will not vault. Passing over the lawn at the back of the picture we reach the ponds dedicated to water-fowl, and a special tank in which we have the good luck to see the seals feeding. We are tempted into the maze, but the site of the long necks of two giraffes grazing in the paddock is too much for us, and we are attracted towards them. These graceful animals—the type of haughty aristocrats with small heads and very little in them, combined with an uncommon assumption of dignity—afford us much amusement and the foundation for sundry jokes, which, at any rate, make the children laugh. The youngsters are fresh enough even to appreciate that old saying concerning the difficulty of dealing with a yard of sore throat. Much as we enjoy ourselves among the zoological collection, and afterwards in the gardens, and especially at the beaver-pond—a department of Messrs. Jennison’s enterprise which is every year extending, and can only be maintained at great cost in the purchase of attractive novelties, and the provision of suitable food—detail regarding our proceedings would be vain and wearisome. But before we settle down to tea, let us step for half an hour into the Museum. We suspect the proportion of visitors to the gardens who even enter the Museum is very small, and yet it is one of the most interesting sights within the grounds. To begin with, the serpent boxes are a real wonder. There they lie folded up in immense coils, some of them nearly as thick as a blacksmith’s arm, but stingless, and unless they can get a chance of a bite, quite harmless. An obliging attendant lifted out two or three of the smaller specimens, which very soon began to disperse with a gliding motion over the floor, costing no little trouble in their recovery. The Museum comprises two long galleries, each lined on either side with glass cases, in which are exhibited the stuffed forms of animals which have closed their public career in the gardens. If the attendant is in a chatty humour, you may learn from him strange tales as to their history.

**WILLIAM HAY,** Tailor, Breeches, and Habit Maker, 46, Cross Street, Manchester (Practical Partner of the late firm of **TESTER & HAY**, successors to **G. GARNER**). W. H. caters for pure Gentlemanly Taste in Make and Material. Such Suits in Real Scotch and Saxony Tweeds, from 65s.

But the tea! That is the crowning event of the day. Materfamilias has brought ample supplies of her best Bohea, and hot water is to be had in the room set apart for private picnic parties, such as ours, at a nominal charge. The place is virtually our own at present, though other family parties by-and-by drop into the room; and with our own snowy tablecloth neatly spread, and covered with dishes (of which any supply can be had at the counter), on which appetising dainties are piled up, we fall to with zest; and after reviving ourselves with as cheap and wholesome a meal as the thriftiest housewife could have supplied at home, we set out to renew our evening pleasures. How the children got on the back of Maharajah, with the "Old Fogie" acting as Mahout, and how the Editor went spooning in the maze with Aunt Jane, one of these versatile writers has promised to narrate in an early paper. But I may just hint —. [No, you won't! We see through the designs of Paterfamilias.—Ed.]

#### NOTES IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

**A**LUMBERING old vehicle, in the hands of a self-willed and dogged driver, stops the way of municipal progress. Scarcely a meeting of the City Council passes without some time being taken up with the latest doings of the City Coroner. The latest complaint against Mr. Herford is that he has thought it necessary to hold an inquest on the body of a child which had died from smallpox. Such an act of officialism seems uncalled for and useless, and may prove extremely dangerous in practice. So the event proved in this instance, for one, at least, of the jurymen caught the contagion and died. This is a costly method of arriving at a foregone conclusion, and it is difficult to conceive of its possible justification. Mr. Herford and Mr. Alderman Worthington (whose remarks, so far as they were audible, seemed to tend in the direction of whitewashing him) are of opinion that sufficient precautions were taken against the risk to which it may be supposed all the jurymen who went to view the body were exposed. They never entered the house. Inasmuch as no inquest is legal unless it be held *super visum corporis*, Mr. Fox Turner naturally inquired whether the jurymen had peeped through the key-hole or peered in at the window, and obtained for answer that the door of the room in which the body lay was left open, and the twelve good men and true successively took their turn at staring in. Comment upon this lamentable case is needless, and we are glad to learn that at next meeting Mr. Turner proposes to raise the whole question of the Coroner's duties by a proposal for a committee of inquiry. Before leaving the subject, we may note that the Coroner's account for fees and expenses during the quarter amounted to £510.

Some conversation concerning Sir Salar Jung—a name upon which Mr. Alderman Bennett, being fond of his own way in all things, bestows a peculiar pronunciation—was useful as giving us a backstairs view of that most mysterious of all subjects—Mayoral Hospitality. Those who have charge of the movements in England of the Prime Minister of the Nizam of Hyderabad, have a tender regard for his Highness's health, and were afraid it might suffer by exposure to a hot dinner at the Mayor's. It would certainly be a pity if our civic hospitality should obtain such a repute that distinguished visitors should thus forecast the consequences, thinking too sadly of the state of their heads in the morning. Mayor Curtis, however, was equal to the occasion, and gravely announced to the Council that his cook was equal to anything from turtle and venison, with punch and champagne, suited to the aldermanic paunch, down to the cold rice and skim milk, which suit the uneducated taste of the ruler of Asiatic millions.

The subject of "furious driving" has scarcely obtained at the hands of the reporters the attention which Mr. Leviathan Walker, who introduced it to the notice of the Council, thinks it deserves. Will it be believed Mr. Walker has nearly been run over himself? We pity the reckless butcher's boy who, haply renewing the attempt, should unhappily succeed. If his cart be not upset, and he sent flying, accompanied with a

shedding of legs of lamb and prime surloins that will out-do any Christmas display at a pantomime, when his wheel mounts over the prostrate form of that ponderous Councillor, may we be there to see! Mr. Harwood also favoured the Council with an "experience." He has actually seen a runaway horse and cart! As he was going home some time ago, about one o'clock —.

"Night or morning?" interjected the irreverent Town Clerk; whereat the aldermen and councillors, who know what a Mayor's dinner means, laughed consumedly.

"It was a Saturday afternoon," said Mr. Harwood, and to be more precise, and to show the regularity with which he keeps his hours, he added that he was going home to dinner. What Mr. Harwood saw was a lad driving a cart at a reckless rate, and what Mr. Harwood thought and said, though whether to himself or a friend does not appear, was that that lad would speedily come to grief. Hereat Mr. Alderman Bake woke up as if he should have liked to have offered Mr. Muirhead two to one on the butcher, but the Town Clerk eyed him severely, and kept the horses ones in check. The butcher did come to grief—at all events, his horse did—for within five minutes Mr. Harwood saw the identical horse and cart tearing down the street in the opposite direction to that in which they had originally been proceeding—in fact, coming back: and here the artistic Councillor made a tragic pause, leaving the fate of the luckless driver in suspense. Sheltering himself in a doorway, which happened to be convenient, the intrepid Councillor gained a favourable point of vantage from which he could applaud the cleverness of another man, who took the horse by the bit and timeously checked its wild career. Then Mr. Councillor Harwood lay in wait for that butcher's boy, and intercepting him on his way to recover his master's property, told him that if the property had been his own he would not have risked his neck in losing it. Let us hope that the boy did not know that Mr. Harwood was a councillor and a successful Prophet—and, indeed, he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt, for the prophecy had not been published before it was fulfilled, and common councillors do not go about the streets chained, seeking whom they may pounce upon—for the butcher's boy replied by saying, "You go to—." Mr. Harwood did not say where, but by clever pantomimic action, and a dramatic pause, he succeeded in conveying to the densest of his listeners a very exact idea of the locality indicated. We hesitate whether most to admire the graphic manner of the reciter, or the remarkable intelligence of the audience, respecting these parts unnamed. To our surprise, we found, from the hearty laughter and applause with which the common councillors greeted the notion of one of their number being sent to —, that they rather enjoyed the idea. Mr. Alderman Bennett, on the part of the Watch Committee, adroitly stopped the discussion by seconding Mr. Walker's motion that the attention of the committee should be called to the subject, adding dryly that the subject had already received the best consideration of the Council, and everything had been done, was being done, and would be done that could be done.

Other incidents of the Council are elsewhere noted.

#### AN AFTERNOON'S FISHING.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

**C**ONTINUING the narrative which I broke off somewhat abruptly last week, I will proceed to give the recipe which I mentioned for cooking trouts on the river bank, and it is a very excellent one. Having first caught your fish—which reminds me that I am again wandering from my story—I got into a second-class smoking carriage, in which, the train being very full, there was just room for one passenger; and some obtrusive ass, of the sort common enough among Lancashire excursionists, said to me, intending to be witty at the expense of my rod and tackle, "I say, yer musn't bring them things in here; yer should send them with the luggage." Then I said to that ass quietly, "Was there never a cuttle-

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every



trick on to this train that they have put you in here?" and that ass was discomfited, and said no more words to me during that journey. I have noticed that the Lancashire holiday-making ass requires to be dealt with in some special way of this kind, and be brought to his bearings promptly. Insult him early, and he is weak and inoffensive; but treat him with dignified contempt, or in any other calm manner, and he is a very annoying fellow. As it was that excursionist, instead of getting a rise out of me, all the time we travelled together just let me alone, and was content with talking very learnedly to his companions about trees and plants until they were thoroughly bored. I found that I had fallen in with a party of self-educating men, bent—Heaven save the mark!—on a botanical and geological excursion, and my friend, by reason of his superior intellect and vast knowledge, was the leader. I have come to the conclusion from various experiences, and reading the *City News*, that scientific excursions and self-educating improvement societies are bosh, and I shall not probably change that opinion under any circumstances. The party was now increased by three more, who wedged themselves in somehow. They had all begun the excursion by a liberal consumption of alcohol, and they all smoked bad tobacco except one, and he smoked a bad cigar. Directly the train started both windows were religiously closed, and were not opened even for an inch till we arrived at a station. Being in a hopeless minority, I could only grin and bear it. Then cards were produced, and one of the fellows had the impudence to propose that they should utilise my *Courier* to play on. This proposal not being well received, they set to work playing diligently, while I meditated in a violently unfavourable mood on the manners and customs of Lancashire excursionists. Could any people—the most savage, the most degraded, thought I—take their pleasure in a more offensive and unhealthy manner? I was faint and sick with bad air and heat. They did not seem to mind it. It was a beautiful warm day, and I begged an inch or two of window. Two occupants of the carriage immediately alleged bad colds. I believe that the Lancashire population, with all their roughness and brutality, are the most effeminate to be found anywhere. Thus I muse, and before those wretches get out I have succeeded in formulating opinions about Lancashire folks in general, which I shall not repeat here, for am I not on the subject of trouts and fishing? One young fellow is left in the carriage who is not of the party, and he cheerfully consents to the open window. I breathe again, though my temper is spoilt for the day. To him who seems to know something about fishing I begin, after some general chat, to expound my method of cooking trouts on the bank. Says I, "Having caught your fish"—

#### TOWN HALL OR CITY HALL?

THE city godfathers and godmothers again got tied on Wednesday on the question of naming the new Town Hall, and this time in a knot which it will take at least another month to unloose. Mr. Alderman Bennett originally desired that the building should be called City Hall, but after putting a motion on the notice-paper to this effect withdrew it, giving us to understand that City Hall he had found on research and reflection to be inadmissible and insupportable. He accordingly changed his notice of motion, and substituted "Guild" for "City." Having confessed his original ignorance as to the meaning of the word "Guild," he now stated that he found it meant in Saxon "to pay," and as he hoped it paid them all to be councillors, he held that, in the present dull times when everybody else was losing money, the Council was the only Guild or paying concern in Manchester, and its Hall should therefore be called Guild Hall—as, moreover—happy afterthought!—the citizens would have to pay for it.

Mr. Alderman Baker, after apologising for his superior erudition, and hoping that the councillors of the baser sort would not take offence thereat, pitied the ignorance and bad taste of Mr. Alderman Bennett in dividing Guild Hall into two words. The Saxon tongue was built up

upon the principle of using compound words, and therefore Guild Hall ought to be Guildhall. On the same principle Town Hall should be Townhall, and City Hall should be Cityhall. Whatever title might be adopted this elementary principle should be followed out, or his name was not Mr. Aldermanbaker. However, not to discourage Mr. Alderman Bennett in his new antiquarian pursuits, he should second his motion.

Mr. Joseph Thompson said that Guild did not mean "to pay," but to eat and drink. It did not matter, as the civic debt remaining on many an old corporation testified, whether they paid or not. It also meant the practice of charity, brotherly love, and the decent burial of the dead. Inasmuch as the Council did not care about eating and drinking, did not practice charity, was conspicuous for the absence of brotherly love, and had failed to provide a south-side cemetery—which would suggest to the living men who visited Alexandra Park the prospect of stepping over the way, as at Harpurhey, to view the ground where they must shortly lie—it was not a Guild, and its Hall ought not to be called either Guild Hall or Guildhall. He moved that the name already given to the building, and engraved in brass over the foundation stone, be retained—and made the best speech of the day in favour of his sensible proposal.

Mr. Ben Brierley made a humorous but not very convincing speech in support of Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Harwood and Mr. Stewart objected to the load of fusty stuff which had been unshipped by the antiquarians. They did not care for their forefathers, their customs, or their language. Probably their customs were bad, and their language worse.

Mr. Alderman Heywood complained that Mr. Alderman Bennett had not treated the subject exhaustively, and had not even mentioned Mr. Isaac Gregory. He had himself five or six volumes at home containing the history of all the mayors in England from the earliest times down to the present day, which, if the Council would adjourn, he would bring to next meeting.—(Loud cries of "No, no," and "Vote.")

The Council voted accordingly, and Guild Hall was rejected by the decisive majority of 34 to 18. The title "City" Hall was then sprung upon the Council as a surprise, and after an undignified wrangle, over which the *Jackdaw* draws a veil, there voted 27 for and 27 against this title. It was finally agreed to adjourn the question for another month. The *Jackdaw* sincerely pities the case of weak-kneed brethren in the interval.

#### THE TOWN COUNCILLOR AND THE COAL-SCUTTLE.

THE mind of the Town Clerk has been greatly perplexed at recent meetings by the restless wanderings about the Council Chamber of one of its best-known members. At the General Purposes Committee, last week, Mr. William Birch was looking out of a window on Cross Street, as if keeping his eye on Mr. J. W. Maclure and the Conservative Club, while Sir Joseph was making one of his most important explanations. The Town Clerk, distressed at this conduct, asked Mr. Birch if he could not get a seat, and Mr. Birch, replying that he could not, asked if he might be allowed to fetch a chair. There were many vacant places on the aldermanic bench, but Mr. Birch refused the invitation to come up thus high, and looked as if there were not an inch of sitting space in the room. The truth was that another councillor was sitting in the place which Mr. Birch usually occupies, and to which he has a prescriptive right. At the Council meeting, this week, Mr. Birch sat at the far end of the Chamber on a low perch by the side of the vacant fire-place, like a deserted Cinderella, or, as a Scotch Councillor suggested, with apparent sympathy and commiseration, as if he were on the stool of repentance. When the division came Mr. Birch desired to vote, but the Town Clerk could not or would not see him, and finally, when directly appealed to, said that Mr. Birch was not in his place, and he could not "count chairs." Thereupon, Mr. Birch triumphantly elevated a coal-scuttle, on which it appeared he had been sitting for the previous two hours. As it was held that a coal-scuttle was not a chair, his vote was recorded.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.



## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Dr. Dennis Dowling Muleahy, of Ireland, after denouncing the Home Rule party at the Circus, on Sunday, kindly consented to be known in future as Dr. Dennis Howling, etc.

That Dr. Morgan, when he said there must be no more tinkering up of the kettle at the Infirmary, was alarmed to see the Chairman getting his steam up, and preparing to spout.

That Mr. Maclure objected to have anything to drink at lunch after the meeting, as so much had been said about drains in the board room.

That Mr. Birley has consented to go in for a seat at the Marylebone School Board, as he is afraid his educational efforts are not appreciated here.

That one of Mr. Birley's objects will be to restore the original name of the district—Marylebone.

That Sir John Iles Mantell has become a candidate for the stipendiaryship at Bow—because the dogs here don't like to be treated as vagrants and locked up.

That Sir John has such a horror of dogs that the other night he tried to administer a dose of prussic acid to a tree, which he saw—barked.

That the Cockneys applauded the Manchester Volunteers at the Hyde Park Review most tremendously, as they were delighted to see they hadn't clogs on.

That it was very fortunate they didn't get to (c)loggerheads.

That one of the officers who heard this observation fainted, but recovered soon on smelling Adjutant Hartshorn.

That the Prince of Wales, who spoke Welsh in honour of the occasion, told the Princess of Wales that the officer commanding the Manchester brigade was "Penton" making the most of it.

That several of the London specials accounted for the Manchester men marching with a swing as they were drilled at the rope's end.

That the Turks are dreadfully afraid of a Milan—from Servia.

That most of the Russians who have the gout have left Constantinople, as their doctors have advised them to give up—crusty—Porte.

That the person who is said to have been crucified by the Turks, at Philopolis, will never be able to Philopolis man's duties again.

That when Sir Salar Jung comes to Manchester, the Mayor has undertaken to sing, "We'll Salar way with Peter."

That after the scene in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Watkin has invited Sir Robert Peel to breakfast and pistols.

That the latter threatens to inform the peelers.

That in the "Faithful Heart," at the Queen's, Miss Foote doesn't do a break-down, though there is a Con-can-en it.

That Miss Farren must be married, as the bills announce in big type, "Farren Anson."

That it would be just as well if the Manchester and Salford Corporations laid down their tramways before letting the working of them.

## RHYMING UNDER DIFFICULTY.

[BY AN EXHAUSTED PORT.]

SIT me down to write, although  
I know I shan't succeed;  
I form each stanza as I go  
With anything but speed.  
For thought is somehow simply nil,  
And rhymes are hard to seek,  
I'd like to put it off until  
The middle of next week.

But no, the task I cannot shirk,  
The editor is stern,  
He hints that all of us must work  
Our daily bread to earn;  
He says it's nonsense to complain  
Of empty-headedness—  
To talk of an exhausted brain,  
Says he, is laziness.

Says he, to think you've only got  
Of some familiar scene,  
Or of some unfamiliar spot  
Which you have never seen.  
It doesn't matter what you take,  
Or how you treat the theme,  
So long as you four stanzas make,  
So many to the ream.

I start, and quickly fancy I'm  
On rocks where surges wash,  
But out, alas! the only rhyme  
Which I can find is "bosh."  
It is not inappropriate,  
However, you may say—  
With joy, at all events, I state  
I've finished work to-day.

## THE "THUNDERER" AND THE MANCHESTER VOLUNTEERS.

THE *Times*, speaking of the Manchester Volunteers at the review at Hyde Park, remarks: "Another very fine brigade, the 14th, composed of Lancashire men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Penton, worthily closed the march past. It is no small step from Manchester to London, and the public spirit of these three fine and full battalions deserves more than ordinary praise. They proved by their physique and gallant bearing that the factories have not yet exhausted the warm lifeblood of Lancashire, nor are all Lancashire men like the stunted, and too often drunken, creatures one sometimes sees in the streets when the craving machinery lets them go from their daily toil." The italics are our own. We should be glad to know what the "Thunderer" means by such nonsense, and we are dreadfully afraid that some of the "specials" who were sent up to London to do the review for the Manchester newspapers have been hiccussing the writer of the *Times* report. Why, in the first place, can it be disputed that Manchester is the most sober place in the three kingdoms, and that there is less drunkenness to be seen in our streets, even "when the craving machinery lets the workpeople go," than in any other town in Britain? If this was not the case, what good could the *Alliance News* be doing? or how could Messrs. Raper, Barker, and Co., ever have the face

E. JAMIESON & Co., Fashionable Tailors.—Business Suits £1. 12s., Scotch Tweed Suits £2.



to receive their salaries? But apart from this, the *Times* has clearly been at sea. The Manchester Volunteers are not composed of men who work in our mills; indeed, we have been startled, in working out the statistics of the composition of the various corps, to find what an aristocratic body our Volunteers are. For the benefit of those who may not be disposed to agree with us, we give the details of the force which left Manchester on Saturday morning last:—

Town Clerk (Corporal).....	1
Bishop (Private) .....	1
Aldermen and City Councillors (in charge of Corporal Joe) .....	35
Cotton Waste Dealers .....	112
Warehousemen and Clerks.....	1200
Publicans and Sinners .....	130
Lady Substitutes, in uniform (whose husbands had not got home in time to get dressed)....	16
Miss Becker .....	1
Manchester Philanthropist (with field-glass for H.R.H.) .....	1
Tailors (divided by nine).....	3000
Scottish Chief (Malcolm Ross) .....	1
Factory Operatives .....	160
Total (somewhere about).....	3000

### DARWINISM AT BOLTON.

THE Bolton Chronicle of this week contains a letter signed "Curious," which again raises the question as to the relationship of man to the monkey tribe. A beerseller in the Eagley district had had for some time a monkey, and when the milk poison set in the unfortunate monkey suffered from the symptoms—just as the family did. Darwinism has not reached such a pitch in Bolton as it has elsewhere, and while the family were carefully doctored professionally, the monkey, who lived on bread and milk, was allowed to get worse without any treatment beyond such as might be suggested to his mind by seeing those around him treated. The family happily got better; the monkey, though it is supposed he felt his own pulse, and looked uncommonly like a physician when he shook his head at his own symptoms, got gradually worse, and finally died. Though no inquest has been held on his body, the police of Bolton have not made a noise about the matter, but think the question of Darwinism is settled, for if there had been any real relationship between the monkey and man, undoubtedly the monkey would have taken advantage of the family treatment, and helped himself to the doctor's prescriptions. The county-court judge of Bolton might in such case have had a difficulty, however, in deciding the *locus standi* of the monkey, had the doctor's fee not been paid.

### IS RUSSIA TO HAVE CONSTANTINOPLE?

THIS is a peculiarly interesting question just now, even from a local point of view, and the fact that Manchester is more interested in the matter than any city in the empire, except, perhaps, Liverpool, is an excellent excuse for devoting some space to it. It is not as generally known as it should be that Russia is becoming pre-eminently a manufacturing country. It is not extensively known that it is only the want of a seaport that prevents Russia from competing on equal terms with England in the cotton and woollen manufactures. The Russian genius, originally a manufacturing one, has of late years been supplemented and cultivated by the practical English inventive one, the result being that Russia can at any time produce more than there is a market for at home; and owing to the cheapness of labour, and other advantages, could, if she were not crippled in the way she is, seize on half the trade of Lancashire. There is no fair reason to allege, of course, against this competition. At

the same time, as long as Russia has not got Constantinople, or some other available port, the trade of Lancashire is safe. Now, here comes the pith of the whole matter, about which we shall shortly be called upon to debate, "Is Constantinople worth going to war about, with or without allies?" England will very soon be called upon to answer this question. Russia's tactics are exceedingly clear to those who have watched them. Serbia is to fight the Turks, aided, probably, by Russian volunteers and money. If Serbia beats the Turks, Russia will be able to shelve the Eastern Question for a few years, and wait the pretext of absorbing Serbia, which has swallowed Turkey. If, on the other hand, the Turks beat the Servians, which seems likely enough, then Russia will be bound to step in at once to absorb Turkey, and with it Serbia, which has been swallowed. Thus, in either case, England will have very shortly to face once for all the question: "Is Russia to have Constantinople? The answer, when it comes, will be peculiarly interesting to Lancashire people. It must come soon; and meantime let us cry, "Hurrah for the income-tax!"

### A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

[BY A NOVICE.]

After Hood.

I NOW of rambling in the fields the sweet treat greet—  
Though 'neath the sultry scorching of July I fry;  
Or, better still, where trees their shade below so throw,  
That they to save my face from being peeled, yield, shield.  
For many weeks the weather's been, I wot not, hot—  
So in the country I have wandered old, cold, sold;  
My eye on all the beauties that a man can scan,  
With a dose of the rheumatics, and (he knows) toes froze.  
The autumn will be coming soon to free the tree  
Of the leaves which shelter me, when I, for one, sun shun;  
Fine weather is not lasting, which is why I try —"

(There is a lot more of this, which is rather ingenious, but the late Mr. Hood did it much better.—ED.)

### IN THE SALFORD COUNCIL.

THE Salford Council had no business of great importance to transact on Wednesday. The agenda-paper was a long one, and it contained many items of useful legislation, but they were all of the smallest nature; and perhaps in this fact lay the explanation of the painful absence of dignity from the proceedings. The Mayor seemed to be always on his legs, calling some one to order; and even when his worship rested for a moment from this diversion, littleness and pettiness occupied the time. The Woodhead picnic first set the ball of small things rolling, and it was never allowed to stop until the adjournment was made. Some years ago, the economists put a check upon the annual trip of the Water Committee—a treat to which the writer, albeit a ratepayer of the borough of Salford, sees no serious objection; for when a number of gentlemen have given their services to the borough gratuitously for a whole year in a most important department of health and utility such as this, he finds no inclination to grumble if, when combining public business with pleasure, and making a profitable inspection of the works at Woodhead, some bottles of Roederer are consumed, and more little luxuries indulged in than tradition has associated with matters of business—and it was decreed that only five members of the committee should participate in the enjoyment. But latterly it has come about that this decree is over-ridden, although not rescinded. It is the practice now to propose that "the committee" shall visit the waterworks, and the resolution being carried, of course all the members of the committee are entitled to go, and we believe there are seldom any absentees. It will scarcely be wondered at when we say that the meeting of the committee, held at the reservoirs, is one of the best attended and most unanimous of the year. This resolution was proposed on Wednesday, and, as usual, it gave rise to some inconvenient questions and uncomplimentary observations; but mere words can't stop a picnic of this kind, not even the sneers of Mr.

**All Goods thoroughly shrunk by a new process.—275, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.**

Walker, who, looking down from his lofty perch in Pendleton, contemptuously remarks that if the Salford people chose to spend their money in this way, it is a matter of perfect indifference to Pendleton. Whereupon honest and indefatigable, but somewhat erratic, Mr. Walker is sat upon by a Salford representative, who asks "Pendleton" to mind its own business; but the wrinkles on Mr. Walker's forehead disappear, and his frown gives place to a smile of triumph when he finds himself unexpectedly championed by Mr. Alderman Walmsley, and a dignified aldermanic snub is administered to the gentleman who so recently had the laugh at Mr. Walker. But members of the Water Committee, although they may be provoked into bandying unpleasantnesses, are not to be deprived of their excursion; and whilst one of their number boldly announces that it is to be purely a pleasure trip, they get their resolution passed, and snap their fingers at the economists who would interfere with their enjoyment.—Another interesting feature in the proceedings of the Council was the speeches of Mr. Mather. There was a great deal more of Mr. Mather than the Council is used to, and it was Mr. Mather in his best form. Nothing could be got past him without comment of a more or less biting nature, and out-Walkering Walker in the constancy of his application, he out-Mathered Mather in his persistence. One of Mr. Mather's best things occurred in a forcible dig at the proposal to purchase Greengate baths, in the course of which he remarked that we had now compulsory vaccination and compulsory education, and he should like to see compulsory bathation; and in the same observation he worked in two other "shuns"—circumcision and cremation—but we forget how they were set. Again, no one but Mr. Mather could have said this: "It is a beastly ugly tunnelfied-looking thing," a description which was applied to what Mr. Mather in the same breath called "that abominable piece of work at Blackfriars Bridge." A comment upon this speech not intended to reach Mr. Mather was caught up by him, and a quiet little scene ensued. Mr. Mather said some one had said something about "old women and girls," and asked if the remark was meant to apply to him. This arrested the attention of the separating Council, and when Mr. Alderman Robinson acknowledged the paternity of the observation it seemed as if there was going to be a quarrel. But it blew over, for although Mr. Mather continued for some time to sturdily demand an explanation he at last gave way to a persistent application of patting, hand-shaking, and whispering of disclaimers and other nice things by Mr. Robinson, and before the last member had left the chamber the offending Alderman had thoroughly made his peace. Nevertheless Mr. Mather could not forget, although he had forgiven; and as the aldermen and councillors became a confused heap in the ante-room in a scramble for the best hats, sticks, and umbrellas, his voice was heard above the hum of conversation asking his friends if it wasn't altogether too bad, and sympathetic words and hearty grips compensated him for his temporary and excusable irritation.

#### CHANCE FOR JUNIOR BARRISTERS.

AT the county sessions, a day or two ago, Mr. Higgin, the chairman, took some trouble to lay down the fact that there was some difficulty likely to arise to the bar, owing to the assizes being held at Lancaster, and the sessions being held in Manchester. At the same time, "Nobody," said the chairman, "was likely to suffer from the arrangement but the bar." From this view we are glad to say the bar—at least, some of the hard-working rising members of it—somewhat dissent. It is well known that the distinguished members of the assize bar always swallow the principal work at the sessions; and at a meeting of juniors, held after Mr. Higgin had made his speech, it was unanimously resolved—at least, so the devil of the sessions bar informs us—"That the greatest thanks are due and are hereby given to Mr. Higgin, who, while agitating this question, has most considerably winked in a way which no other local judge in Manchester could wink—the effect of which has been that the great guns will go to

the assizes as usual, and the small fry will have the chance of an occasional nibble at a bait in the sessions court." Mr. Higgin, in remembrance of many of the able men who have sat on the Manchester circuit without briefs, ought to be thanked for winking at a judge of her Majesty's court of assize—notwithstanding he is too modest to acknowledge it.

#### THE ROSE.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

IT was a rose—its petals blushed  
As over them a poet gushed;  
I never comprehended quite  
Why bards to roses sonnets write.

It is a bumptious sort of plant,  
Of which the poets rave and rant;  
But I confess I'm one of those  
Who do not care about the rose.

They tell us that the nightingale  
Sings to the rose—a likely tale.  
The nightingale in thickets dense  
Than thus to act has got more sense.

I do not know why nightingales  
Should sing at all—but still such tales  
About the reason for their song  
Are just a little bit too strong.

The nightingale is not aware,  
As like as not, the rose is there;  
It sings upon the bough because  
It does—which is a saving clause.

We'll leave him now to do his best,  
When other birds are in the nest;  
But we have nought to do with those—  
We're talking now about the rose.

Now, if you pluck from where it grows  
A growing bud of this same rose,  
You'll find that on the thorny stalk  
A thousand tiny insects walk.

A better word, perhaps, is stem—  
At all events, it's green with them;  
I asked a friend if he'd describe  
The habits of this verdant tribe.

Says I, "Pray tell me what are these?"  
Says he, "They are the ap-hi-des—  
A sort of little insect green  
Which haunts the rose, as you have seen."

"This is a curious mystery  
Connected with their history;  
By ants they are domesticated  
As cows;" says I, "What's that you've stated?"

"By ants," says he, "they're kept as cows—  
You need not cough and knit your brows—  
Why should not ants have milk, I say,  
As well as any human beings, pray?"

"There was a wise man who was blind,  
Who left a learned book behind,  
In which he on the ways discants  
Most sagely of the bees and ants."

"It was an interesting book"—  
Says I, "One fact you overlook;  
I like to be polite, but—hem!—it's  
How could that blind man see those emmets?"

"For stuff of this kind you and I are  
Too old; I fear you are a liar;  
My faith in your remarks is shook—  
How could that blind man write that book?"

Says he, "I will not stand it; why are  
You always calling me a liar?"  
Says I, "My friend, I'll tell you why  
If you will tell me why you lie."

"With this our intimacy closes,"  
Says he; says I, "This clump of roses  
Just notice how the dew-drops glisten"—  
But he was off, he wouldn't listen.

## HALF-HOURS WITH MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

[BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

IN TWO QUARTERS.

SCENE.—Bantam Villa. Time, Sunday morning, at breakfast. Present, Mr. and Mrs. Henpeck, the children, and Mrs. Motherington, who speaks.

NOW, my dear Emma and Claude, is it not pleasant to reflect that we can all meet thus on the Sabbath morning a united family, and enjoy —? Now, Willy, if you fidget about so, you had better leave the table. What's the child crying for? *I looked at him so?* Well, Mr. Henpeck, I must say of all the unhappy tempers—but you seem determined to drive me from the house—leave the table, child! *What has he done?* Perhaps you will allow me to know something about how children ought to behave. I say that either he or I shall leave the table. Now, Emma, I beg of you not to interfere, though I should be the last person to cause divisions between man and wife. *What's all the row about?* Row, sir, row! Rows are only in the streets. *You wish they were?* Oh, go on sneering; women were made for that, perhaps you would like to swear? *The children had better all go?* Oh, certainly, sir, if you do wish to use language unfit for publication, though the poor things have had no breakfast. *They can get it in the kitchen?* Of course, the kitchen and its society is good enough for them. I must say, Mr. Henpeck, that when you give way to your temper you are no better than a Negro to your wife and family. What do you see to laugh at? I am glad the children are gone; in the kitchen they will not be contaminated. I say, sir, you are no better than a Negro, or any other tyrant. *Do I mean Nero?* Never mind what I mean, sir, that is no excuse for your conduct. What do you say? *It is something to be an 'ero in the presence of one's mother-in-law?* Now, that is so like you, to be making low vulgar jokes on a Sunday morning. Don't swear before the maid, at all events. A nice preparation such a scene as this for the house of worship. *You are not going to church?* Not going to church—not —. I have long suspected you of being an atheist, but I little thought my daughter's husband would have turned out a Nonconformist before my eyes. *Anything for a quiet life, and you will go if I go?* A nice way that to talk of your wife's mother, and the House of —. *I can't talk there, at all events?* No, sir, thank Heaven I know my duty better; I have a higher sense of human wickedness than that. *Make it up, there's a dear soul?* Well, I am not aware that there is anything to make up. I daresay, though, you did not mean to be unfeeling, only a man is privileged to say anything. *What have you said?* Well, well, I wish to go to church in a happy frame of mind, and nothing shall provoke me to be angry. *What did you say?* Now, really, I appeal to you, Emma, if this is not unmanly. First of all, Mr. Henpeck drives the children from the room in a brutal manner, though he knows I like to sit down with them; and then, after making use of the most profane language —. *What did I say?* Mr. Henpeck, once for all I shall not pollute my lips, with the bells ringing for church too, by repeating —. Come, Emma, we shall be late.

[I went out among the gooseberry bushes, and soothed my feelings with a smoke, as I pondered over domestic blessings.—C. H.]

SECOND QUARTER.

SCENE.—Coming home from church. Mrs. Motherington speaks.

Mr. Henpeck, if you must smoke a nasty dirty pipe, I wish you wouldn't carry it to church in your pocket. *You didn't carry it in your pocket?* Well, if you didn't you might just as well; indeed, better, for the smell of stale smoke in a man's clothes is abominable. I'm certain, though, if the truth were known, that pipe is in your —. *You haven't smoked a pipe for a month?* Do you remember the fate of Annas and Caiaphas—I mean Ananias and Sapphira? What do you say, Emma? *Your husband is not a liar?* A pretty thing that my own daughter should throw her husband's pipe in my face. *He meant that he only smoked a cigar, and you me him?* Well, what if he did? Why can't he speak out like a man,

and own to his extravagance? Cigars, indeed, costing, I daresay, six-pence apiece, when a pipe is just as good if he must indulge in such a habit, and costs —. *I talk about it as learnedly as if I smoked myself?* That's a wicked speech for a daughter to make to the being that bore her; but you are quite right to stand up for your husband. Of course, I shall go to-morrow, nothing shall induce me to stop. It was very lucky that you happened to see him smoking the cigars. It is lucky for your peace of mind that you cannot see what other folks see. *What do I mean?* No, not for worlds, I am not going to set my daughter against her husband, and then get nothing but abuse for my pains. *You are sure he has been very attentive to-day?* Oh, yes; you mean he has been to church. The whole parish knows that—he snored so loud in the sermon. What, Mr. Henpeck, *you were not asleep, and you didn't snore?* And pray, sir, how do you know that you didn't snore? and perhaps you will deny that I pinched you several times to wake you up. You needn't rub yourself in that indelicate way, with people looking; and perhaps you will say that you weren't staring at Miss Lovegrove's bonnet all the time! *You didn't notice her bonnet?* Oh, of course, with such an eye for female beauty, you don't pay attention to bonnets! What do you say? *D—!* Emma, I leave the house to-morrow.

[If other men have relations like mine they will have noticed that a mother-in-law, if ever her daughter should side against her, has a very dexterous manner of saving her position, and bringing on by a series of combined skirmishes a three-cornered battle, in which the man is sure to be worsted. Whenever my wife takes up my battles I feel that I am sure to suffer for it all the more. Miss Lovegrove was the innocent *casus belli*, and I was the innocent victim. A mother-in-law is as great in resource as a cuttle-fish, but the worst of it is she never retreats. Mine did not leave on Monday.—C. H.]

## HINTS ON PROSE WRITING.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

HOW to write poetry without any idea at all in one's head I have already shown. I will now proceed to give similar hints with regard to prose writing. Of course, the hints must be taken with some reservation, like those advertisements one sees about "health restored without having recourse to quacks," etc. It is doubtless a very great accomplishment this, at any moment, or at a moment's notice, to be able to write whole columns, irrespective of the dearth of subjects. I do not know, however, whether it is a very useful accomplishment, but there are so many accomplishments which are elegant, and at the same time utterly useless for practical purposes. Now, for a man who has no ambition in the way of making money, I know of no prettier accomplishment than the mastery of an elegant style of writing pure English. There can hardly be conceived a more stirring feeling of satisfaction than that enjoyed by the man who can, with a stroke of the pen, amuse or edify numbers of his fellow-creatures; but when you come to the actual utility of the thing, you will perceive that matters are different. I suppose that the pupil is in the happy position of being obliged to earn his living, on the happiness of which state I could write an essay. He is, I say, a sort of human locomotive, of which he himself is also—mysterious agency—the driver and stoker. Moreover, he has to find his own coals. It is a strange thing to think that all this struggle that is going on all over the world, this clang of battle, and cheating, and lies, and groans, this clash and wrangling of voices towards the skies, is caused simply by the existence on this planet of some millions of bellies to be filled, of backs to be clothed. The human body is a furnace which requires stoking every day, or oftener, as it may be deemed necessary. I am a stoker; you, my pupil, are a stoker; our mouths are the stoke-holes, and beef, mutton, and bread, etc., are the coals which we require. It may be that we have other stoke-holes dependent on us for their supply of coals. We must work to get the



supply; and happy he who has not himself alone to work for! These coals, mind you, are not to be found beneath all grounds. There are delicate hands that are hurt and wounded through digging in wrong places. There are strong ones that claw stupidly the ground, and cause much nail-breaking, and the owners thereof to curse their day. There are —; but, as a matter of fact, this art of prose writing has proved so useless to many possessors thereof that I, humble professor thereof, do but undertake to teach it under the plain understanding that it be learnt as an accomplishment, carried on as a pastime, and by no means considered under any circumstances as a means towards obtaining any of that supply of coal which is necessary to the stoking of the human machine. The pupil may now read carefully over again this lesson.

### A CONFESSION.

[BY A DELEAGUED BACHELOR.]

WHEN past are winterly storms and rain,  
And whispering zephyrs fill the air,  
And all the earth is alive again  
With tender verdure and blossom fair,  
'Tis then the myriad hosts of birds,  
That roam the woods and the skies above,  
And all the wandering flocks and herds  
Are smitten anew with the pangs of love.  
Heigh-ho!  
Cupid's bow  
Never is idle then, I trow.  
But though the quickening vernal beams  
For many a year have warmed my breast,  
And ev'ry recurring season seems  
To threaten me more than all the rest—  
Though many a maiden, fair and gay,  
Has harried me oft with word and eye,  
And made me feel in a desperate way,  
I've never surrendered—no, not I!  
Heigh-ho!  
Wary and slow!  
Wedding is chancy work, you know.  
I nearly succumbed to a fierce attack  
That once was made, in a distant clime,  
On my heart by a maid with a visage black,  
And a name unsuitable quite for rhyme.  
And once with a red-haired Irish girl  
I made of myself an awful fool—  
'Twas in the ball-room's maddening whirl,  
When our heads were hot and our heels were cool.  
Heigh-ho!  
Heel and toe!  
That is the way one's senses go.  
Once in the land of wolves and bears  
I fell in love with a proud princess,  
Who turned my head with her dainty airs  
(My years were few and my brains were less);  
And after the seventh sleepless night  
I fatally vowed to pop the question,  
When the pangs of love were extinguished quite  
By a timely fit of indigestion.  
Heigh-ho!  
Friend or foe,  
Women are born to work us woe.  
I've known 'em widow, I've known 'em maid,  
For many a year, in many a land;  
And the wily tricks of each artful jade  
Are easy enough to understand.  
But still when any one says to me,  
"Sooner or later your time will come,"  
Though perfectly fearless I feign to be,  
It makes me feel excessively glum.  
Heigh-ho!  
Willing or no,  
Sooner or later I'm bound to go.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.—We understand that a new comic opera by Mr. Cellier will be produced at the Prince's Theatre, in October, founded on the story of Noll Gwynne.—The pantomime at the Prince's Theatre will be Sinbad; at the Royal, the latest edition of Robinson Crusoe.

### THE THEATRES.

THE change from classical English comedy to flimsy burlesque and broad farce goes somewhat against our stomach; but still, if we may take in evidence the merriment evoked by Miss Farren and Mr. Anson, at the Royal, the taste for high-class drama by no means clashes with that for less solid entertainment. Our admiration of Miss Farren is not profound, but she is still as amusing as heretofore in her own obtrusive line. Of Mr. G. W. Anson's performance it may be observed that it is a pity so good an artist should be saddled with the temptation to sorry buffoonery, which, such as it is, brings down the house. "Young Rip Van Winkle" does not belong to the order of burlesques which may be called sparkling, but it is well mounted; and the various performers deserve the applause they get from somewhat scanty audiences. Possibly the "Hypochondriac's" doleful cry, "After all, it is only the weather," may be urged as an excuse for thin houses.

Thin houses should not have been the rule this week at the Prince's, the programme considered; and, indeed, the audiences have been very fair ones. The chief feature of the week has been a very beautiful set piece, called "The Snowstorm Ballet." The mounting of this piece is quite exquisite, and the dancing by the Sisters Elliot, and others, good and graceful. The dresses are costly, and, what is more, in good taste, showing evidence also of having been prepared "for this occasion only." It is evident that vast expense and pains must have been used in the production of this ballet, which has never before been performed in England, and, indeed, will challenge for beauty anything which we have ever seen of this kind. The extraordinary effect produced by a mimic fall of snow must be seen to be believed, the ordinary stage snowstorm being altogether distanced. Mr. Stanislaus contributes the music, which, says the programme, is original. It is pretty and appropriate, say we. The *opera bouffe*, "L'Archiduc," is not, as some of our contemporaries seem to think, being performed here "for the first time in England;" nor, indeed, is it remarkable as one of Offenbach's most original works. Being full, however, of catching melodies, which revive memories of many pantomimes and multitudinous organ-grinders, the ears are tickled in a not unpleasing manner. Otherwise we thought the performance a very slow one, and were heartily glad when it was over.

At the Queen's, popular audiences have been amused by a "great" drama, called "The Faithful Heart," in which, though the same scenery is made to do duty for Cheshire and Australia, there is some merit of the outrageous sort. The "Old Fogie" could not say much in favour of the delineations of Australian life and habits, but the rest of the audience were pleased, and several stabbing and poisoning episodes varied the virtuous monotony of the stage. Miss Foote and Mr. Concanen both act well, and are ably supported by a company above the local Bridge Street average.

NOTICE.—The "City Jackdaw" will be forwarded, post free, to any address, at 1s. 8d. per quarter.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

A. Little.—It would be too much for the reader.

Cruelty to a Child at Ashton.—It would be cruelty to grown-up people in Manchester. Pathetic verses are out of your line.

A Lover of Truth under all Circumstances.—This being so, we have no hesitation in writing you down an ass.

Table Talk, F. Moore.—Our table has a basket underneath it. We need say no more.

O. P.—Much obliged.

J. F. gratis.—In spite of your possession of a "private fortune," we are bound to consider the unfortunate public.

The Narrow Way.—Your MS. is on the other road, which leads to destruction.

A Munsterman's Joke, C. L.—No Munster in human form ever made a worse one.

C. W. M.—We do not know the derivation of the word "loafer," unless it means a loaf fellow. Besides, as a rule, we do not answer questions.

W. F. H.—It is very well for your own private recreation to make "boots" rhyme with "hair," and "home" with "teapot;" but we must decline those verses, with thanks for the offer.

**MRS. SAILES,**

Late of the Shades and Stock Exchange Restaurants, begs to inform her Friends and Customers that she will

**SHORTLY OPEN A RESTAURANT AND LUNCHEON BAR**

AT

**LEICESTER CHAMBERS, 72, MARKET STREET,  
CORNER OF BARNES STREET.**

**INGHAM'S  
COMMERCIAL HOTEL,  
CHORLTON STREET, PORTLAND STREET, MANCHESTER.**

Commercial Gentlemen and Families will find every comfort and convenience at this centrally-situated and well-appointed Hotel. Charges Moderate. Ordinary Daily at 1 15.

**LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL**

*Have the Largest Assortment of*

**Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes,**

*Suitable for Presentation.*

**EVERY DESCRIPTION-OF JEWELLERY,**

**15 AND 18 CARAT GOVERNMENT STAMP.**

**Ladies and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts.**

**CUTLERY AND ELECTRO-PLATE**

**FROM THE VERY BEST MAKERS.**

**HIGH STREET AND THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.**

FIVE PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO  
**GOODALL'S**  
World-renowned  
**HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.**

A SINGLE TRIAL SOLICITED.

**GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.**



The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious Puddings without Eggs, Pastry without Butter, and beautiful light Bread without Yeast.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in 1d. Packets: 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. Tins. Prepared by

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

THE CELEBRATED  
**YORKSHIRE RELISH.**



This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c., it is incomparable.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each. Prepared by

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

**GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.**



The best, cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c., &c. Restores delicate invalids to strength and vigour. Sold by Chemists, Grocers, &c., at 1s., 1s. 1d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each Bottle. Prepared by

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

**DR. HASSALL'S FOOD,**

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, AND INVALIDS.

DR. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D., recommends this as the best and most nourishing of all Infants' and Invalids' Foods which have hitherto been brought before the public; it contains every requisite for the full and healthy support and development of the body, and is, to a considerable extent, self-digestible. Recommended by the medical press and faculty.

Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Oilmen, &c., in Tins, at 6d., 1s., 2s., 3s. 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

A Treatise, by Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., on the Alimentation of Infants, Children, and Invalids, can be had, post free, on application to the Manufacturers,

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

TRADE MARK



**NUTTALL'S  
PATENT STOMACH & LIVER PILLS**

SHOULD BE USED BY EVERYBODY, BECAUSE THOUSANDS CAN TESTIFY TO THEIR INVALUABLE QUALITIES AS THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE KNOWN

For Indigestion, Pain in the Stomach, as fullness after meals, Faintness, Heartburn, Consumption, Gravel, Foul Breaths, Loss of Appetite, Scurvy, Rashes of the Skin, Headache, Lowness of Spirits. In every case where they are fairly tried they will remove the most obstinate complaints. Sold by all Chemists throughout the world, in boxes, 6d., 1s., 1d., and 2s. 6d. each. Sole Proprietors: C. Nuttall and Sons, Buncup, Lancashire.—N.B. Ask your chemist for Nuttall's Vegetable Patent Stomach and Liver Pills.

**'PARAGON.'**

**FRAGRANT LIQUID DENTRIFICE** makes the teeth beautifully white, sweetens the breath, and produces a pleasant froth in the mouth. One trial of this delicious dentrifice will ensure permanent patronage.

Powders and Pastes should be avoided, as they scratch the enamel, and cause the teeth to decay.

Opinions of the Press on the "PARAGON":—"The Figaro says: 'Possesses many valuable qualities . . . and cleanses and whitens the teeth while preventing discoloration and the accumulation of Tartar.' The Court Journal says: 'Its excellent flavour cannot fail to please . . . and should meet with extensive patronage from the elite.'"

Sold in bottles, at 1s. and 2s. 6d., by chemists and perfumers throughout the world. Sole Proprietors, J. H. BOWEN, 91, Wigmore Street London W.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, DIFFICULTY IN BREATHING, AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE CHEST,

**POWNALL'S SYRUP OF HOREHOUND,**

A Safe and Speedy Remedy.

In bottles, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. each.

Prepared by T. R. POWNALL, Chemist,

43, 45, & 132, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, BOLTON.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED IN A FEW MINUTES, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

**FIFTEEN years' trial** has proved the efficacy of this preparation for the immediate removal and destroying superfluous hair on the face, arms, and neck, without the least pain or injury to the skin; price 3s. 6d. and 5s. A sealed packet sent free, with directions for use, to any address, on receipt of 6d. extra; money orders or stamps. Numerous testimonials can be seen (if required) as to its efficacy.—**HAIR CURLING FLUID.** Fifteen years' trial has proved the efficacy of this fluid as a certain preparation for curling ladies and gentlemen's hair; it improves and purifies the human hair, and is natural in its effect. Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; family bottles, 10s. 6d.—**LUXURIANT HAIR, EYEBROWS, and WHISKERS** produced in a few weeks by the use of the well-known **HAIR PRODUCER.** Price 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; sent free, with directions. Wholesale Agents: Barclay and Sons, London; Raines and Co., Edinburgh and Liverpool; Blanchard and Co., York; Oldham and Co., Dublin. Retail of all respectable Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers, and Patent Medicine Vendors. The above preparations are prepared solely by JOHN BLAKE, 8, Malsmore Square, Park Road, Peckham, London.

**RUPTURES CURED WITHOUT TRUSSES.**—Dr. THOMSON'S remedy is the only known cure for these terrible complaints, and is applicable to every case of single or double rupture, however bad or long standing, in either sex, of any age, effecting a perfect cure, in a short time, without confinement or pain. This wonderful discovery has cured thousands of cases, and it cannot fail to be appreciated as a blessing by all who have ever worn trusses, bandages, or other galling supports. Sent free by post, with full directions for use, on receipt of postage stamps or post-office order for 10s., payable at the General Post-office to Ralph Thomson, 55, Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town, London.—Extracts from testimonials: "I find myself completely cured, and have tried every means to prove the cure by lifting and running, which, I am happy to say, I can do without pain or using any truss. F. W."—"Your remedy has cured my rupture, and I have used violent exertion since, without any sign of its reappearance. Miss S."—"A fair time has elapsed since I used your remedy; moreover, I have been examined by our surgeon, who declares I am quite cured. J. P."—"My rupture being 28 years old, I never expected so perfect a cure. E. L."—"I now write to tell you my daughter is perfectly cured by your remedy. Mrs. H."—"Consultations daily, from 10 till 12, Sunday excepted. Fee, one guinea."

**DYSPHOMANIA** (Intemperance) is curable. Read the following:—Col. Mc.—states: "He cured his sister, unknown to herself, and found the remedy far more efficacious than signing the pledge or attending temperance lectures." "A Wise Woman."—"This lady was recommended to try the effects of the remedy on her husband, by a friend, whose husband was so intoxicated at the time he had to attend his duty that he would surely have been dismissed had he not taken the precaution to have a packet on hand; he was sobered in five minutes. This wise lady tried the effects unknown on her husband, and saved him his appointment. Capt. S.—S— writes: "His wife was addicted to drink for years, and for weeks incapable of attending her household duties. Has now abstained for six months. I consider her cured by following the instructions sent with Dr. HEYMAN'S REMEDY."—Packets, 4s. 6d.,—Beaumont House, Torre, Torquay.

THE "CITY MAGPIE" SAYS  
**IT IS AS PLAIN AS ABC**  
**EVERYBODY**

In the United Kingdom, who wishes to see the Past, Present, and Future, must look immediately, carefully, seriously, deliberately, and attentively into  
**THE MAGIC MIRROR**—THE Marvel of the Age. Sent free to any address, on receipt of six stamps. Address—"MAGIC MIRROR" Office, 50E, COMMERCIAL STREET, SHEFFIELD.—Thirty Thousand Sold in Seven Months. Established 1830.

**NO MORE LEAD AND POISONOUS RESTORERS.**

LINEHAM'S REGISTERED WORLD'S HAIR DRESSING BALSAM..... 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.  
LINEHAM'S BRITISH EXCELSIOR GREY HAIR REGENERATOR..... 2s. 6d.  
LINEHAM'S INSTANTANEOUS GREY WHISKER and HAIR DYE..... 2s. 6d.

May be obtained through any Chemist or Perfumer.

**RUPTURES.**

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

**WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS**



IS allowed by upwards of 500 medical men to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided, a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the truss, which cannot fail to fit, forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, 2in. below hips, being sent to the

MANUFACTURER,

Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d., postage free. Price of Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d., postage free. Price of Umbilical Truss, 42s. and 52s. 6d., postage free. Post-office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

**NEW PATENT ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c.**

The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS, VARICOSE VEINS, &c.

Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 16s. each, postage free.

**CHEST EXPANDING BRACES**

(FOR BOTH SEXES).

For Gentlemen they act as a substitute for the ordinary braces. For Children they are invaluable; they prevent stooping, and preserve the symmetry of the chest.

Prices for Children, 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Adults, 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., and 21s. each, postage free.

J. White, Manufacturer, 228, Piccadilly, LONDON.

**PAGE WOODCOCK'S  
WIND PILLS**

GOOD for the cure of WIND ON THE STOMACH  
GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION  
GOOD for the cure of SICK HEADACHE  
GOOD for the cure of HEARTBURN  
GOOD for the cure of BILIOUSNESS  
GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS  
GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS arising from a disordered state of the STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.

They are sold by all Medicine Vendors, in Boxes at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each; or should any difficulty occur, enclose H. 33, or 54 stamps, according to size, to PAGE D. WOODCOCK, "Lincoln House," St. Faith's, NORWICH (formerly of Lincoln), and they will be sent free by return of post.

**WELLS' SPECIALITIES.**

CORNS.

THE pain relieved in a few minutes, and the Roots effectually removed in a few hours without pain or inconvenience. Send addressed envelope for particulars.

TURKISH FACE POWDER.

A BEAUTIFUL PREPARATION for removing Spots, Pimples, Sunburns, Freckles, &c., rendering the Complexion beautifully transparent, and the Skin delicately soft. Warranted to contain nothing injurious. Send an addressed envelope.

DEPILATORY.

WELLS' DEPILATORY, the only effectual remedy for the immediate and permanent removal of Superfluous Hair from the Face, Arms, Neck, &c. This Preparation effects its purpose almost instantaneously, without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin.

Full particulars on receipt of directed envelope. JOHN WELLS, No. 6, Great Russell Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

N.B.—Hundreds of Testimonials have been received from the Nobility and Ladies of Rank, who have tried this marvellous remedy.



---

### IMPORTANT TO WHISKEY CONNOISSEURS.

---

THE FINEST SCOTCH WHISKEY IN ENGLAND IS THE  
**"CAIRNGORM,"**  
 WHICH FOR STRENGTH, PURITY, AND EXQUISITE AROMA, STANDS UNRIVALLED.

---

To Scotchmen, and those to whom WHISKEY is a favourite beverage, the above-named magnificent spirit must commend itself as the finest specimen of Scottish Malt ever imported into this country, and is entirely free from that smoky flavour which is so objectionable to many.

The Importers, Messrs. HENDERSON & JONES, would also call attention to the fact that the Medical Faculty are recommending and prescribing pure Scotch Whiskey in lieu of French Brandy as a stimulant for invalids, for which purpose the "CAIRNGORM" cannot be excelled.

Sample Bottles, at 8s. 6d. each, may be obtained at the Stores, Macdonald's Buildings, Macdonald's Lane, 35, Corporation Street, Manchester, where orders are received for cases containing from one gallon upwards. May be had from all respectable Licensed Grocers.

---

## TEETH AND PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

---

GRAND AND VALUABLE INVENTION BY MR. ALFRED DAVIS,  
 DENTAL SURGEON, IN THE ADAPTATION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

The merits of this invention will be readily appreciated. A soft elastic gum attaches the teeth firmly in the mouth without a wire, spring, or any operation. By the flexibility of this gum, mastication and articulation are thoroughly fulfilled, without causing the slightest soreness or irritation, while the original expression of the face is perfectly restored.

A SINGLE TOOTH FROM 5s.; A SET, £5; STOPPING WITH WHITE PEARL ENAMEL, 2s. 6d.

Attendance Daily at 105, PICCADILLY, Three Doors from the London-road Station, Manchester. Established 25 Years.

---

THE MECHANICAL OPERATION OF SCALING TEETH SUPERSEDED.

---

**COPP, SON, & CO.'S**  
 PEERLESS VEGETABLE

## ANTISEPTIC DENTAL SCALING POWDER,

Subtle and powerful, luxurious and aromatic, has established itself with unexampled rapidity a *sine qua non* of the toilet table. Going direct to the root of disease, and eradicating the very germ of decay, it obviates, and has entirely superseded, the impairing and troublesome process of mechanical scaling. It acts beneficially on the enamel, irresistibly removes tartar, preserves, strengthens, and gives to teeth a dazzling pearly whiteness. Continued application absolutely insures to them a lasting, healthful, and health-giving vigour. Although not artificially scented, it imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath.

Examined and recommended by Dr. Eason Wilkinson, 96, Mosley Street, Manchester; and Dr. Henry Ramsbottom, 16, Park Place, Leeds.

Price, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per Box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers, or sent, post free, by the Inventor and Sole Proprietor, EDMUND COPP, Dentist, 6, Waterloo Road, Manchester.

---

### SEASONABLE REQUISITES.

---

## LEETE'S ALMOND AND GLYCERINE CREAM,

A perfectly harmless, but yet a most efficacious, application for SOFTENING THE SKIN, and preserving it from all roughness caused by a cold, ungenial atmosphere. Sold in Bottles at 1s. and 2s. each.

---

## LEETE'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES,

A most valuable expectorant and demulcent in irritation of the throat. Sold in Boxes at 1s. each.

---

The original and Genuine, as well as other well-known Preparations, are still Prepared Solely by W. W. LEETE, Chemist (formerly of Fallowfield), now at 282, OXFORD STREET only, corner of Ducie Street, Manchester

VIII.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

[JULY 7, 1876.]

**UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.**

**DINE AT THE**  
**Stock Exchange Dining and Luncheon Rooms,**  
**UNDER THE STOCK EXCHANGE, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.**

**PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE, NEWMARKET.**

Luncheons, Dinners, Teas, Suppers, Wines, Spirits, Coffee, and Cigars of the very Choicest Quality.  
**S. LAWTON, PROPRIETOR.**

**MANCHESTER SKATING RINK,**  
NEAR ALEXANDRA PARK.

**OPEN DAILY,**  
From 11 to 1; 2.30 to 5; 7 to 9.30.  
**ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.**  
**HIRE OF SKATES, SIXPENCE.**  
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS, 2s. 6d. (including skates.)

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,**  
BELLE VUE.

Open for the Season. Attraction of the Season, Messrs. Danson and Sons' Magnificent Daylight Picture of the IMPERIAL CITY OF CALCUTTA, capital of the British Empire in India.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at dusk, during the season, will be represented the grand spectacle of the Reception of the PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA, concluding with a Brilliant Display of Fireworks.

The Military Band of the Gardens in attendance every day from two p.m.

The great collection of living animals and birds always on view. Pleasure boats and steamers ply on the great lakes, which are upwards of eight acres in extent. Conservatories, Ferneries, Museum, Mazes, Steam Horses, Velocipedes, &c.

Admission, 6d. each. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 1s. each after four p.m.

**PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,**  
LOWER MOSLEY STREET.

Monday, July 10, and During the Week.

Important Engagement of the Celebrated **MURRAY & WHITE'S TROUPE OF WHITE CHRISTYS**, Seven in number, whose songs, choruses, jokes, and operatic selections are the attraction of everybody.

Engagement of  
Mr. and Mrs. **WILL LANGLEY**,  
Celebrated Duettists and Dancers.

Extraordinary Engagement of the Great Female Impersonator  
Mr. **LEO PAHINI**,  
Premiere Artiste Characteristique of the World.

Special Engagement of  
Mons. and Madame **D'ALVINI**,  
The celebrated Japanese, who will introduce extraordinary and most astounding performances.

Triumphant Success of the Talented Trio,  
Mr. J. L. **DIXON**, American Comedian, late of the Original Christy's, St. James's Hall; Miss **EMILY MELLON**, the Eminent and Popular Series-Comic Vocalist, Burlesque Actress, and Instrumentalist; and Mr. **SAMBO HUTTON**, the Peerless Tenor Vocalist; in their Great Ethiopian Entertainment.

Great Success of  
Mr. **LAWRENCE COLE** and Miss **ANNIE LEONI**,  
Comic Duettists and Dancers.

Great Success of the Favourite,

Mr. J. G. **LAWRENCE**,  
Comic Vocalist. The author of his own songs.

**USE**  
**ASHTON'S**  
**LAUNDRY**  
**BLUE,**  
**Best, Cheapest, and Cleanest.**

Wholesale at 50, CUMBERLAND STREET, DEANS GATE. Retail by most Grocers, Druggists, &c. In Bottles at 2d., 4d., 6d., and 1s.

**DINNER CLARET,**

**12s. PER DOZEN.**

At this price we supply a sound, wholesome Bordeaux Wine, which will keep and improve in bottle for years if required.

**Of Fine Clarets**

We offer a large Stock, well matured, in bottle, at

**16s., 22s., 26s., 30s., 36s., 42s.**  
**per Dozen.**

**JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,**

**WINE MERCHANTS,**

**26, MARKET STREET,**

**MANCHESTER.**

**Liverpool: 11, Lord Street.**

**Birmingham: 28, High Street.**

**EQUAL TO HOME MADE.**

**WM. P. HARTLEY'S**  
**MARMALADES & PRESERVES**  
**ARE THE BEST.**

**FIRST-CLASS Restaurant Proprietors,**  
Managers of Hotels, and Families may safely depend upon the quality of the above, the greatest care being used in their manufacture.  
"The quality of Mr. Hartley's product is excellent."—*Grocer*.  
**CONFECTIONERY WORKS: BOOTLE, LIVERPOOL.**

**MANUFACTORY:**

**11,**  
**OLDHAM**  
**STREET.**

**HUSBAND'S**

**PATENT HATS**

**CLAIM PREFERENCE**

Over every other. They are the only HATS which are really VENTILATED.

**BAYNES, successor to HUSBAND.**

**LONDON HOUSE.**

**Perambulators! Perambulators!!**

**A. HARPER.**

Several years principal Upholsterer to Mr. John Owen, in Piccadilly, Practical Manufacturer of the

**IMPROVED PERAMBULATOR,**

of the cheapest and strongest description.  
**A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF CARRIAGES** always in stock, and ready for immediate use.

**LONDON HOUSE, LONDON ROAD,**

Next to the Station, and nearly opposite Granby Row.

**HIGHAM'S HARMONIUM**, only £6, with the new broad reeds, polished walnut case.—76, Bridge Street, Deansgate.

**HIGHAM'S HARMONIUM**, 8 stops, broad reeds, beautiful walnut case; £10, worth £15.—76, Bridge Street, Deansgate.

**HIGHAM'S HARMONIUM**, 10 stops, drawing room model; by Christophe and Etienne, Paris; £18. 76, Bridge Street.

**HIGHAM'S AMERICAN ORGAN**, rare bargain; cost £40, to be sold for £28.—76, Bridge Street, Deansgate.

**HIGHAM'S PIANOFORTE**, bargain, £22, beautiful walnut case, carved truss legs; worth £35.—76, Bridge Street.

**HIGHAM'S PIANOFORTE**, only £26, drawing-room model, trichord, &c., by Burling and Burling.—76, Bridge Street.

**HIGHAM'S PIANOFORTE**, magnificent walnut cottage, by Ivory; from Collard and Collard's; £28.—76, Bridge Street.

Printed and Published by the Proprietor, **ROBERT ROBINSON** DODDS, of 20, Belle Vue Street, Ardwick, at his Printing Office, Market Street Chambers, 73a, Market Street, Manchester.—Friday, July 7, 1876.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

**PAPER HANGINGS!**  
**PAPER HANGINGS!**

(Cheapest out, from 2½d. per 12 yards, in great variety and newest designs. Borders, Centres, and all Decorations at Wholesale Prices.)

**LEWIS & CO.,**  
**MANUFACTURERS, 29, ROCHDALE ROAD, MANCHESTER.**

"TURKISH TOBACCO." Delicious Flavour and Aroma, 18s. and 21s. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.